



RAJU & THE TALKING CAMEL



Once there was a little boy called Raju who loved to paint. But his mother wouldn't give him water colours because he would spill water everywhere.

One day Raju saw a funny camel in his picture book. "I wish I could draw this camel," Raju thought. Suddenly the camel in the book spoke.

"Of course you can draw me," he said.

"How?" Raju asked.

"With Camel Wax Crayons and Oil Pastels."

"Won't I need water?" Raju asked.

"Not at all," said the camel "Just pull them out of the box and draw. Many, many colours."

Now Raju has his own Camel Wax Crayons and Oil Pastels. So far he has drawn a camel, a bear, a car, a horse, and a tree

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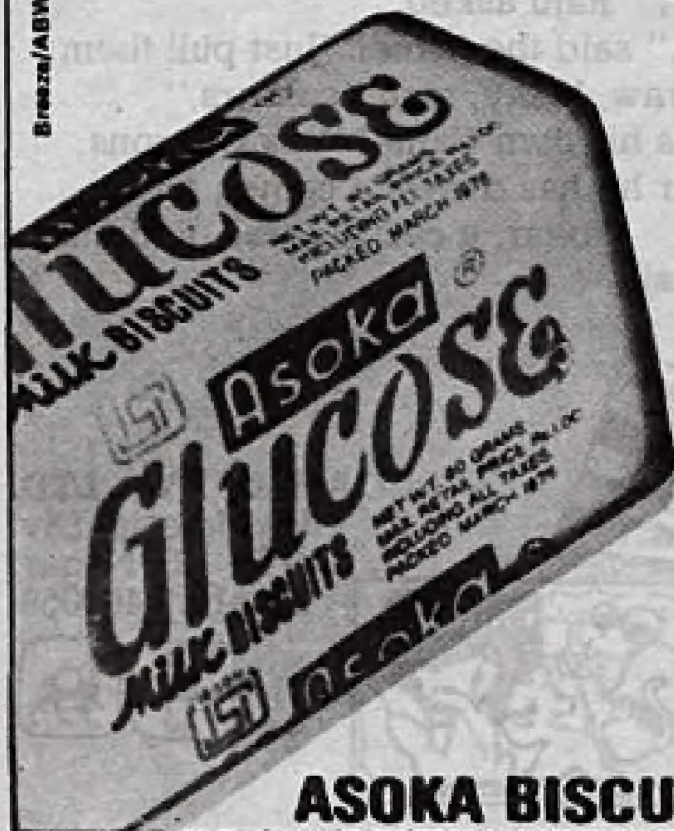
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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 7

JULY 1976

No. 1

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

WITH HALF A DOZEN YEARS BEHIND

While with the last issue the English *Chandamama* completed half a dozen years of its publication, the *Chandamama* in the meanwhile has succeeded in reaching the children of India - and children abroad too - in a full dozen languages.

Many are the languages spoken in India; variety marks the dress of the Indian people; several are the religions they practise. Yet India has been a country remarkable for her unity in all such diversity. This spirit of unity can be felt deeply in the children of India - the budding builders of tomorrow's society. They think and dream alike. There are numerous examples to prove this, one among them - an humble one - being the equal love the children of all the regions of our vast country bestow on the *Chandamama*.

The *Chandamama*, in its turn, tries to acquaint the children with the tales and traditions of the various regions of the country and to give them glimpses of India's highly colourful and exciting past which should help us to know the spirit of the country and the mind of the people. Such knowledge, no doubt, would prove most useful to our readers when they would grow up and shoulder the burden of the nation.

As the English *Chandamama* steps into the seventh year of its publication, the only concern it feels is how to serve the readers better. Out of this feeling, we hope, would emerge ever progressive ways and means of doing so, which would at least partly justify your love and goodwill for this magazine.

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PLUS 5 COMPLETE STORIES
BESIDES OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. M. Natarajan



Mr. M. Natarajan

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st JULY
- Winning captions will be announced in **SEPTEMBER** Issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to: **PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS-600 026**

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in May Issue

The Prize is awarded to: Mr. G. Manoharalingh
7-1-44, Maruthiveedhi, Secunderabad-500 003 (A. P.)

Winning Entry — 'Gaping with Experience' — 'Groping with Innocence'

NEWS FOR YOU...

Beware, Teen-Agers Dear!

An analysis of 80,000 test essays written by children aged between 13 and 17 years, made at the request of the Education Commission of the United States, has shown that teen-agers are falling down in writing English. They make more mistakes, use fewer long words, and 20 per cent of their papers were of two or three sentences. Specialists blame all this on the children's excessive love of television and too much telephone talk.

The World's Oldest Archives

The World's oldest archives, constructed about three millenium B.C. in the ancient city of Elba, now known as Mardikh, south of Aleppo in Syria, have been discovered by a group of Italian archaeologists.

15 thousand 'documents' in form of clay tablets with cuneiform writing have been found. The 'documents' not only include records of treatise and other important events, but also some homeworks by students corrected by their teachers.

No doubt, either the students or the teachers concerned with these note-books must have become famous people. But time has swallowed up their fame.

...AND SOME VIEWS TOO

A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts on Science

Why does this magnificent applied science, which saves work and makes life easier, bring us so little happiness? The simple answer runs: Because we have not yet learned to make sensible use of it.

—Albert Einstein

In recent times, modern science has developed to give mankind, for the first time in the history of the human race, a way of securing a more abundant life which does not simply consist in taking away from someone else.

—Karl Taylor Compton

Science demands from a man all his life.

—Ivan Pavlov

Every genuine scientist must be...a metaphysician.

—George Bernard Shaw

Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper-chamber, if he has common-sense on the ground floor.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE PUNDIT AND BURGLARS

A certain village became the hunting ground of a small gang of thieves. They operated with so much caution and cleverness that the villagers could do nothing to catch them while the houses in the village continued to be burgled one after another.

However, when the king heard of the menace, he sent a group of expert detectives. One night the gang was pursued and captured. The villagers were extremely happy. They spent the rest of the night talking about the losses inflicted on them by the thieves. By and by they found out that all the houses in the village had been burgled save the old pundit's house. They went to him at the dawn and asked him, "How is it that the thieves never entered your house?"

"Whereas you all shut your doors at night, I kept my doors wide open. The thieves must have thought that either there was nothing worth stealing in my house, or I had set a trap to catch them. Hence they avoided my house," replied the pundit with a chuckle.





BROKEN STICK TURNS WHOLE!

Early in the morning, Dhiman, the wise old minister of King Niharkumar, was informed that the king had an accident. He hurried to the inner apartment of the palace and saw the king sitting on a swing, looking pale and pensive.

"What is the matter, my lord?" queried the minister anxiously.

"I'm doomed, my good minister!" said the king and sighed.

By and by the minister found out what had happened. A few days ago some people had found an excellent white horse grazing at the frontier, without anybody to claim it. They had brought it to the king who was very much fond of good horses.

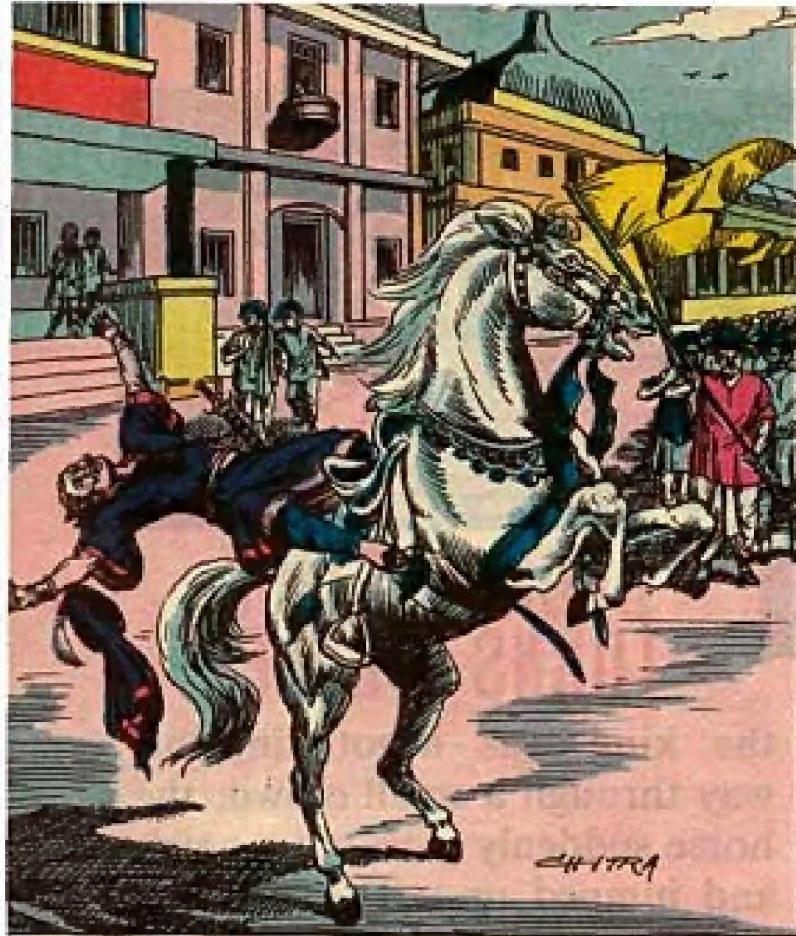
Everyday, in the morning, the king went for a ride on the new horse. That day, while

the king was negotiating his way through a small crowd, the horse suddenly gave out a neigh and jumped up. The king fell off its back and sustained a fracture in one of his legs.

"My lord! There is hardly anything to worry about the injury. You will be all right in a few weeks, if not few days," said the minister.

But the king found no consolation in these words. He confided to the minister that this was no ordinary accident. A couple of months ago the court astrologer had revealed to him that he was to suffer an accident as a result of which one of his legs has to be amputated. Now that the first part of the prophecy had come true, the other part too was bound to come true.

The saddest part of the thing.



was that according to the tradition of the land one could not continue to reign if he lost a limb. If King Niharkumar would lose his leg, then his cousin Sursen, notorious as a cruel fellow, would sit on the throne.

The minister realised that the astrologer's prophesy had left a deep impression on the king's mind. He had lost all his will-power which could help him to recover.

The minister thought deeply on the situation. The astrologer's prophesy, the tame horse giving a sudden jolt, all this appeared to him rather myste-

rious. However, before going to unravel the mystery, he thought it proper to infuse the faith into the king that his was not an incurable case.

Jeevak was the name of a famous physician who served in the court of the king's father-in-law. Minister Dhiman requested the queen to summon the physician. When the physician arrived in the palace, the minister had a private discussion with him where the only other person present was the court magician.

Thereafter the minister led the physician to the king's presence and announced, "My lord! Here is the famous physician Jeevak, who is an expert at curing cracks in bones and even rejoining broken bones."

The king did not look encouraged. He said, "But no physician can heal the crack in my bone!"

"My lord! Jeevak is no ordinary physician. He has miraculous powers. To tell you confidentially, he can even join together two broken pieces of a stick!" whispered the minister.

"Yes, my lord, my father's physician, Jeevak, has wonderful powers," said the queen.

The old minister never exaggerated things. So the king looked at him in surprise at his statement. The minister did not lose time in proving what he said. He brought out a handkerchief and a match-box. He requested the king to pick up a match-stick and to mark it in any way he liked. The king marked it with ink. The minister then held the kerchief stretched before the king. The king placed the stick on it. The minister folded the kerchief and then handed it over to the king. He also made the king feel the stick which remained under the fold.

At the minister's bidding, the king broke the stick to three pieces. The minister then took the kerchief from his hand and held it before the physician. The physician closed his eyes and uttered a *mantra* on it. At a hint from him, the minister unfolded the kerchief before the king's vigilant eyes. Lo and behold! The stick rolled down on the king's lap. It bore the ink mark and it was intact!

"But I certainly broke it!" exclaimed the king.

"You certainly did, my lord. But the physician joined the broken pieces and made it whole



again," observed the minister.

The king had no doubt any more in Physician Jeevak's powers. He let the physician treat him.

In the meanwhile the minister continued a vigorous investigation into the episode of the accident. But he did it secretly, through some of his most trusted lieutenants. He found out that those who produced the horse before the king were Sursen's men. The horse had been conditioned in such a way that it jumped whenever it saw dazzling yellow colour. Investigation also showed that some people, in the name of



going in a religious procession, had waved dazzling yellow banners before the horse when it gave the jolt causing injury to the king. The astrologer had been bribed by Sursen to make some false prophecies before the king. If the king would have allowed his leg to be amputated, Sursen would have become the king.

The minister, however, did not disclose that the king was improving. In consultation with the queen, he spread the rumour that the king's leg had been amputated and that the king was obliged to resort to a wooden leg.

After a long absence, the king at last came to the court. By then he had been completely cured of his injury. But he pretended to be using a wooden leg.

As soon as the king appeared in the court, his cousin, Sursen, shouted, "According to the sacred tradition, you are no more eligible to sit on the throne, having lost a leg. Pass on the crown and the sceptre to me!"

The king showed as if he was quite amenable to this demand. He showed Sursen the throne. Sursen was too eager to sit on it. The king was about to put the crown on his head. Just then the queen and the minister rushed forward, the queen shouting, "Stop!"

Then, with her sword, the queen slit open the part of the king's garment which was supposed to have covered the wooden leg. All saw that the king was whole, possessing quite natural legs.

Then the minister read out the report of his investigation. Sursen, the astrologer, and their accomplices, were arrested. Sursen was exiled. Others were jailed.

Later, the minister explained to the queen the trick he had



performed, tutored by the court magician. He had already placed a match-stick inside the border of the kerchief. While folding the kerchief, he had managed to push the stick marked by the king to a corner of the fold. The stick which the king felt by his hand and which he broke was the one

hidden under the border beforehand.

When the kerchief was unfolded, the marked stick fell down whereas the broken one remained under the line! The king thought that the broken stick had been made whole again by the physician's *mantra*!

SUN, MOON AND...

Charan would not let a day pass without boasting for something or the other. One day a traveller was resting on his veranda. Charan bragged before him, "We have everything in our house excepting two things, the sun and the moon."

Just then his wife came out and shouted at him, "How are you idling away your time? Today we don't have rice enough even to feed our cat!"

Charan smiled at the traveller and said "I beg your pardon. Only things we don't have are the sun, the moon and rice enough to feed the cat!"



The Builders of India's Heritage

CHARAKA - The First Great Physician

One morning, in a colony of physicians, appeared a strange bird. It hopped from roof to roof and repeated a question which was, "*Ko-ruk?*" That meant, "Who remains free from ailments?"

The bird got a variety of answers from a number of physicians. For example, one of them said, "He who regularly takes a certain tonic lives without any ailment." Another said, "A particular set of exercises should keep a person ever healthy."

The bird did not appear satisfied with such answers. It kept

on passing from house-top to house-top till it came to attract the attention of Bagvatta, a budding physician of great promise.

When the bird fixed its gaze on Bagvatta and uttered, "*Ko-ruk?*" Bagvatta closed his eyes and meditated for a moment and replied, "*Hitavuk, Mitavuk, Ritavuk!*"

What Bagvatta said in Sanskrit meant, "He who eats only such food which is beneficent to the body, refrains from eating more than necessary and chooses food which is good for consciousness, leads a life free

from ailments.'

As soon as Bagvatta said this, the bird came closer to him and changed into a human form. Bagvatta instantly bowed down to him, for, he was no other than Charaka, the father of the Indian systems of medicine and treatment. He had assumed the shape of a bird and had paid the visit to the physicians' colony to see for himself how far the followers of his systems understood the basic principles of health enumerated by him, long after he had departed from the world.

Charaka, disappointed at first with the answers he got from the physicians, became happy at last to hear what Bagvatta had to say.

Since our body thrived on food, the welfare of the body depended on the quality and the quantity of the food. Food was only a means of living while life had much lofty goals to attain. It is when the means becomes almost the end, that is to say, when one looks upon eating tasty food as the cherished goal of life, that one begins to harm his body.

Greed of food makes one careless about the quantity of food one's body needed. Consequently, one takes more than what was necessary. Thereby he takes yet another step towards ruining the body.

Last but not the least, our body and our consciousness were closely linked. Various



types of food not only variously influenced our body, but also influenced our consciousness. There were food-stuffs which were pure and they helped our consciousness to remain pure. If our consciousness remained in a pure state, in its turn, it helped our body to be in a harmonious condition.

Thus Bagvatta's answer pleased Charaka.

The legend shows three things: First, the ancient Indian systems of medicine and treatment, known as the *Ayurveda*, was in fact a well-formulated philosophy of life. Secondly, the man who put down this knowledge into distinct systems, was looked upon as no ordinary mortal, but one who had surprising supernatural powers. Our ancients who were pioneers in various fields of knowledge were rishis, who are believed to have achieved great powers. Whatever that be, the legend of Charaka's spirit visiting Bagvatta hundreds of years later signifies the anxiety the rishi might have had about the correct practice of his science.

The earliest source of *Ayurveda* is the *Atharva Veda*, one of the four *Vedas*—the world's first works of wisdom and en-

lightenment. Charaka developed what was there in this *Veda* into an elaborate science, by the help of new lessons he got from gods and great rishis. The book he wrote is known as *Charaka Samhita*.

The name Charaka has an interesting origin. *Chara* literally means a spy. Charaka was so named perhaps because he so successfully spied upon the root causes of the human maladies.

It has not yet been possible to ascertain the time of Charaka. According to experts the *Charaka Samhita* as it is found today must have been written at least 2000 years ago. But it is believed that it had earlier versions which are lost.

The other great physician of ancient India, also a surgeon, was Susruta. He too has left a work of great scholarship, known as *Susruta Samhita*.

The *Ayurveda* not only goes strong till this day, but also has assumed much importance in recent years. The medicinal plants mentioned in the *Ayurveda* are found to be of great worth by modern research. Charaka, Susruta, and their followers like Bagvatta continue to serve man.



*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

THE WEIRD DAMSEL

It was midnight. The entire sky, from horizon to horizon, was covered with deep dark cloud. Frequent lightnings criss-crossed, followed by terrible sounds of thundered-claps. Not only that, weird laughter of spirits could be heard and their grotesque figures became visible whenever the lightnings flashed.

Undaunted, King Vikram walked through the cremation ground, the corpse possessed by the vampire dangling from his shoulder.

Suddenly spoke out the vampire, "O King, I don't know whether your friends approve of such adventures of yours or not. If one does not heed the advice of a good friend, he might lose the friend. To illustrate my point, I am going to narrate to you the story of Prince Pradeep."

The vampire went on: Prince Pradeep of Suvarnagiri was a great lover of art. He had a loving friend in Pramod, the artist, who specialised in drawing pictures from Nature.



"How do you draw such charming pictures?" the prince asked of his friend one day.

"My secret is simple. I observe Nature with great concentration. I depict on the canvas what I see here and there. My weakness is, I cannot draw the picture of objects unless I have seen them."

Following a regular programme Pramod would go into the forest and spend hours there. The prince always looked forward to seeing the excellent landscapes he drew.

One evening the artist returned from the forest with a landscape which amused the

prince very much. The picture showed a tree growing downward from a hill-top.

"You said that you cannot draw from your imagination. But here is the picture of a tree the strange situation of which you have obviously imagined," commented the prince.

But the artist took the prince into the forest the next day and showed him the abnormal situation of the tree. Perhaps the tree stood erect beforehand. But a landslide had brought it to the edge of the hill, its top hanging downward, almost touching the waters of a lake. Some monkeys swung from the branches and lapped the waters from the lake.

A few days passed. It was time for the prince to get married. Several kings of the neighbouring kingdoms sent proposals offering their daughters as brides for the prince. The prince asked his friend Pramod to visit these royal houses and draw portraits of the princesses. Accordingly Pramod went out on a journey and visited several palaces and drew the portraits of the princesses.

After his mission was over, he sent the portraits to the

prince through his attendants. Then, alone, he proceeded into a certain forest. This forest was famous for its scenic splendour and Pramod had an old desire to see it.

Night fell while Pramod was wandering in the forest. It was a full-moon night and the forest looked enchanting. All on a sudden Pramod heard a sweet song. Advancing a little, he saw a beautiful damsel dancing under a flowery tree. He watched the dancing beauty for a long time. The damsel did not seem to observe Pramod. But at one stage, totally exhausted, she fell on him.

Then, as if waking up from a trance, she said, "I am sorry. I had not seen you standing here." Pramod asked with great surprise, "But who are you and why are you here in this forest, dancing all alone?"

The damsel laughed sweetly and said, "If you kindly set your foot in my house, you will know who I am. And how can you say that I am alone? Are you not here too?"

The damsel led the way. Soon Pramod stepped into a magnificent mansion, following her.

The mansion abounded in wealth and it was encircled by a





lush garden. But there was nobody in the mansion save the damsel.

Pramod was offered a number of sweet fruits and a delicious drink. He was then shown a comfortable bed. Being tired, he fell asleep soon, while the damsel was singing out a charming tune.

It was at the chirping of birds and the touch of sunlight that Pramod opened his eyes. He saw dawn breaking out around him. But where were the mansion and the damsel? He found himself under a tree, not far from a cremation ground.

By and by Pramod realised

that the damsel he had seen was not human but a supernatural being. She was perhaps a vampire, residing near the cremation ground.

Pramod began walking towards his home. He tried his best to forget the damsel, but in vain. He was continuously haunted in his memory by that figure.

Back at the palace, Pramod saw that the prince had rejected all the portraits he had sent. He did not find any of those princesses beautiful enough for him to marry.

"Pramod! Could you not find for me a more beautiful princess?" said the prince one day as he entered the artist's room.

Pramod had just then completed the portrait of the damsel he had seen in the forest. The prince looked at it and appeared extremely charmed.

"What!" exclaimed the prince, "You have kept hiding from me the portrait of the most beautiful princess, have you?"

Pramod did not know what to do. He said apologetically, "Believe me, O prince, this is not the portrait of any princess."

"Princess or no princess, I

will marry the model behind this picture," announced the prince in a determined tone.

"But I have not drawn this picture after any human being," answered the artist.

"Pramod! Do not try to deceive me. I know that you cannot draw a picture of anything which you have not seen!" said the prince.

Pramod tried his best to convince the prince that he should forget of the picture in his own interest. But the prince sighed again and again and declared that he would die unless he saw the damsel.

Pramod was at last obliged to lead the prince into the forest. Both galloped towards the flowery tree. It was again a moonlit night. They got down from their horses and waited near a bush.

Soon some haunting music was heard and the damsel was seen dancing under the tree. As soon as the prince saw her, he jumped forward and caught the dancing damsel in his arms.

"I have come a long way in search of you. I am the heir to the throne of this kingdom. Come with me to my palace; we will marry. You would become the queen in due course."



The damsel lowered her head and muttered, "Let your will be done!"

"Come then, let us go!" said the joyous prince.

"You have come into the forest which is my home. Should you not pass a night in my mansion?" demanded the damsel in a winning tone.

The prince was in no mood to refuse. He began following the damsel.

"I warn you, O prince, she is no human. Get rid of her," whispered Pramod.

"No, my friend. I cannot leave her even if you were to give me the key of the paradise,"



answered the prince.

"But I insist in the name of our friendship, give her up," said Pramod with some force.

"Pramod! I can clearly see that you are jealous of me because I have got the most beautiful damsel to marry. Keep your mouth shut!" retorted the prince.

"I tell you for the last time. Unless you give her up, our friendship comes to an end!" warned the artist.

"I can give up a hundred friends like you, nay, a thousand, for the sake of this damsel," shouted the prince.

Pramod lost no more time.

He jumped on to his horse and left the forest.

The prince entered the damsel's mansion, ate, drank and went to sleep merrily, but when he woke up in the morning, he found a skeleton in his embrace. He lay in a deserted cremation ground.

He shrieked and rose. He trembled in horror looking at the skeleton. Then he managed to find his horse and galloped back to the palace.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked, "Tell me O King Vikram, "Why did Pramod desert the prince? Was it because he was jealous of the prince? Or, was it because he felt insulted as the prince did not comply with his advice? If you know the answer and yet keep mum, your head would be shattered to pieces!"

Answered King Vikram, "Pramod was by no means jealous of the prince. He could have easily misled the prince to some other part of the forest if he were jealous of him. There was no question of his feeling insulted either. He was truthful; so he showed the prince the damsel. But he was conscientious, so he wanted to save the prince from the vampire's

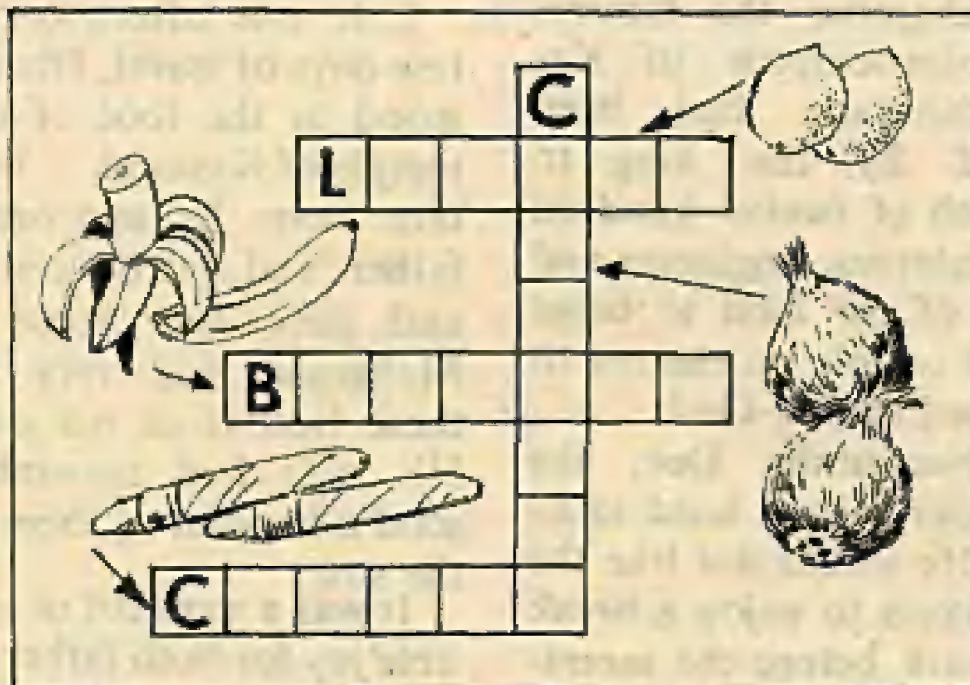


clutch. Friendship was most precious to him. He was disillusioned with the prince when the prince spurned his friendship. There was no point in his tarrying there. So he left."

No sooner had the king

finished his answer than the corpse, possessed by the vampire, gave him the slip. The king turned back to go to the big old tree where, he knew, the corpse would be seen hanging again.

All the clues in this picture crossword are all things that can be found in this country.



ANSWER Across: Lemons, Bananas, Cigars. Down: Coconuts

THE SACRIFICE OF DHARMAPADA

Holding the hand of her young son, a woman often looked on at the horizons, standing on the outskirts of her village.

Years ago, one morning, she had looked on like that while her husband had disappeared from her sight. That was a few months before the son was born.

The son had now grown up to be a brave young lad of sixteen. "Don't you worry, mother! I will go and bring my father back home," he would say from time to time.

He was Dharmapada, son of Bishu Maharana, the famous architect-cum-sculptor of Kalinga. Maharana had been summoned by the king to lead a batch of twelve hundred chosen sculptors, engineers and architects of the land to build up a great temple on the sea to be dedicated to Sun-God.

King Narasimha Dev, the great builder, was a hard taskmaster. He would not like the gifted workers to enjoy a break in their work before the monument was complete. The workers were no less zealous at their work. For them work

was life.

From an old expert of his village, Dharmapada had received lessons in the art of temple-building. He had also the privilege of reading the manuscripts on the subject collected and treasured at home by his father. He was now determined to see his famous father and, if permitted, to assist him in the great work the latter was doing.

The mother who appreciated the sentiments of her son, at last allowed him to go.

Late one afternoon, after a few days of travel, Dharmapada stood at the foot of the huge temple of Konarak. With hesitant steps he approached his father and introduced himself and gave him some berries. Maharana was very fond of these berries of his own field. His wife had remembered to send a handful of them through the son.

It was a moment of indescribable joy for both father and son. Dharmapada was amazed to see the grand temple, abounding in artistic wonders.

"Father! This is almost complete. You would return home soon, won't you?" asked Dharmapada.

But Maharana's face seemed clouded with pain at the question. Dharmapada was at first surprised. Then, by and by, he got an account of the situation. The temple was almost complete, true. But the architects failed to fix the crown. Days had passed. The king had been annoyed and had even announced that if the crown was not fixed within a day more, all the workers would be executed!

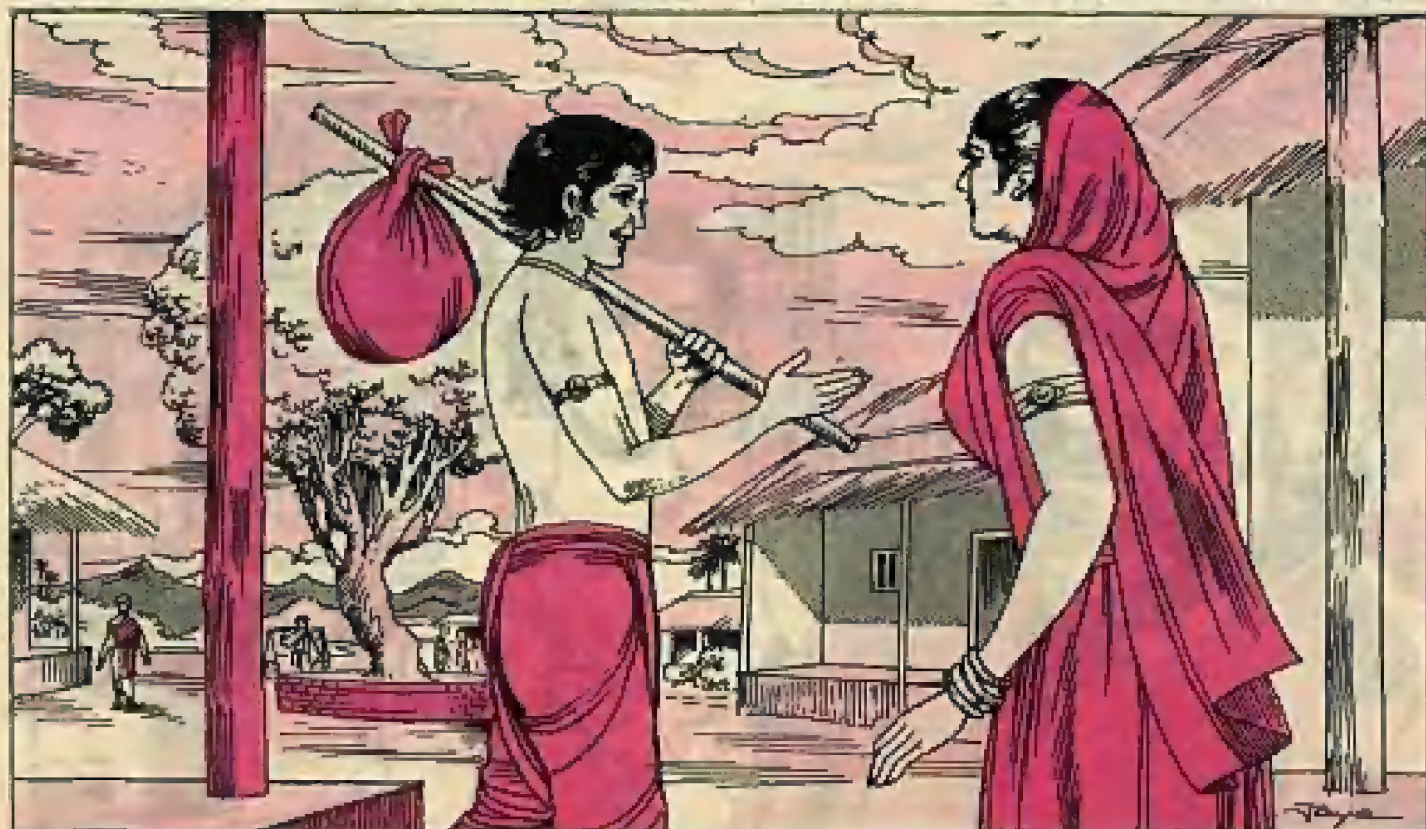
Dharmapada had never tried his hand at temple-building. Nevertheless, he had read all the laws of the art. After a careful

survey of the position, he knew where lay the snag.

He climbed to the top of the temple with his father and some other leading experts and explained to them what he thought to be the solution. It struck the experts to be the right one! They summoned the workers and began working instantly according to Dharmapada's advice. Lo and behold! The large crown was set soon. The temple was complete!

Dharmapada came down, to be greeted by many a loving word from the crowd of workers. Maharana's joy and pride knew no bound.

But there were a few of his kinsmen who did not share his



joy. Both Maharana and Dharmapada overheard them talking: "What a shame that what twelve hundred experts failed to do was done by a boy. What would the king say when he comes to hear of this? While Maharana will put forward his son as the genius of the age, we have to return home with our heads hung. And this after twelve years of hard labour!"

Maharana looked gloomy when he heard this. Dharmapada understood the situation.

It was night. All was quiet. With the moon rising, there was tide in the sea. The temple was situated at a spot which was flooded whenever there was tide.

Quietly Dharmapada rose to the crown of the temple he had helped to fix a while ago. He prayed that the glory of his kinsmen remain untarnished.

He then jumped into the surging sea below. His tiny body was carried away by the waters when the tide receded, never to be found by his kinsmen.

The great temple of Konarak, built seven hundred years ago, not far from Puri, is in ruins today. But ceaseless flow of visitors from all over the world marvel at whatever grandeur and beauty the ruins present.

And one who knows the legend of Dharmapada, cannot but give out a sigh.



A RIDDLE FOR THE PRINCES

Dec 2021
A certain king had two sons by his two queens. The elder queen was no more. The elder prince was an excellent young man, wise and conscientious. However, the younger queen insisted that her son was far more superior to the elder prince and hence he should succeed the king to the throne.

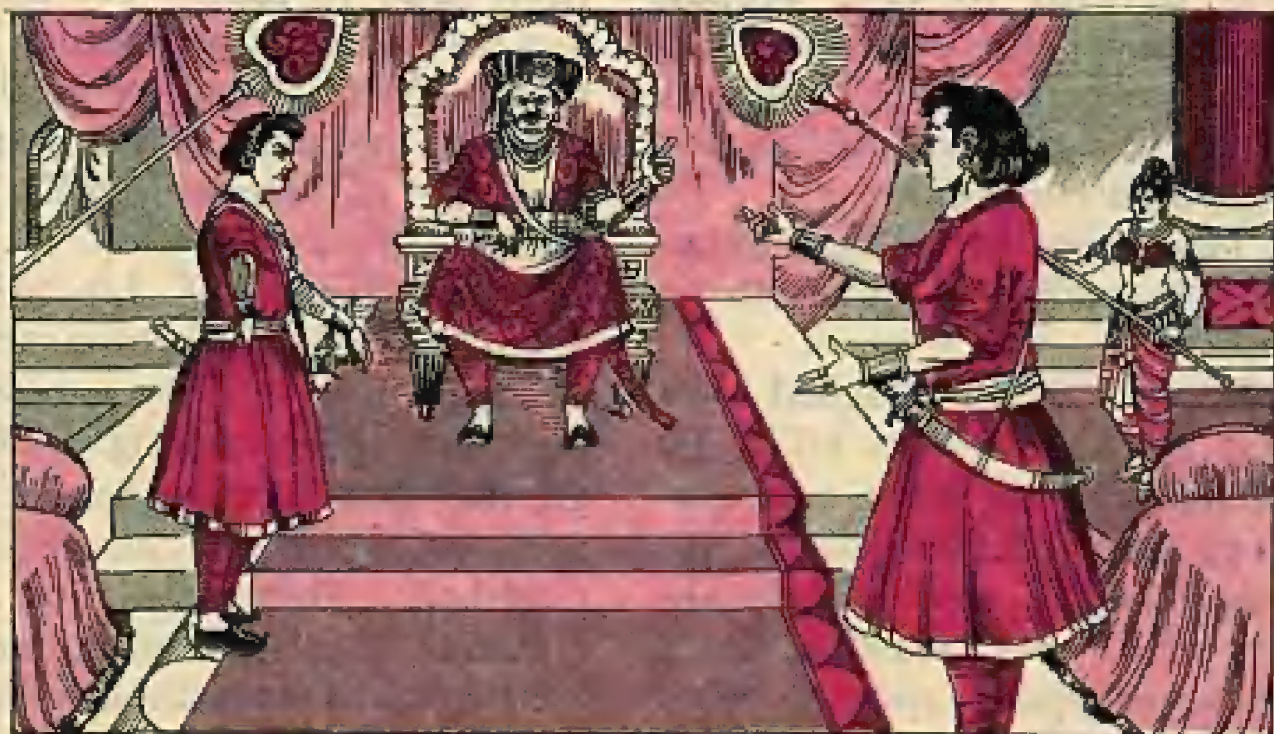
At last the king agreed to test both the princes. He invented a riddle in consultation with the queen. He wrote down the answer to the riddle and kept it in the queen's custody.

Then he called the two princes to his presence and asked them: "What should we do if our elephants turn cows, our cows turn cats and our cats squeak like mice?"

"We should call a *tantrik* and do the needful to change the situation," answered the younger prince.

"We must work hard, plan for better crop, better utilisation of the waters and development of commerce," said the elder prince. The answer in the custody of the queen read: The riddle suggests the condition of famine. With hard work and proper planning the situation can be changed.

No more did the younger queen repeat her claim.





THE PATIENCE OF J

In the land of Uz, long long ago, lived a prosperous man named Job. He was a devotee of God and he never did anything evil.

Once in a while God called a conference of all his sons which was attended by Satan too. In his reply to a question from God, Satan once said that Job was devoted to God because God gave him obedient children, property and happiness. If he was deprived of all this, he would curse God!

God knew better than Satan. So He permitted Satan to try Job.

Reports soon reached Job that his slaves were killed by bandits and his sheep were destroyed in a thunder-storm. Not only that, his sons and daughters died while feasting, as a house collapsed upon them.

But Job only uttered, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Satan, seeing that Job's faith in God did not suffer any change, inflicted disease on him. Job had painful boils from head to foot. Yet there was no change in his attitude to God. "What! Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" he said.

Three friends of Job who heard about his misfortune came to meet him. They advised him to repent, taking it for granted that he must have sinned for which he was being punished. They were good at arguing. They tried to interpret the ways of God without them-

TALES BEHIND PROVERBS AND PHRASES

selves realising God. Coming to comfort Job, they only succeeded in irritating him.

B At last, out of the whirlwind was heard the sublime voice of God. He chided Job's comforters for their audacity. He praised the patience, truthfulness and forthrightness of Job. God's grace restored Job to his lost position. He got back all that had been taken away and

lived long amidst prosperity.

The meaning of the phrase *Patience of Job* is obvious: great patience with unshakable faith in God. Other phrases around Job's name are, *Job's post*, which means the bringer of bad news: *Job's news*, meaning bad news, and *Job's comforter*, meaning one who in his bid to comfort, actually aggravates the distress of an unfortunate man.





THE ART OF LEARNING

Ramu was an ambitious boy who had a great desire to be considered as a learned man. One day a mendicant paid a visit to his village. While he was relaxing in the landlord's guest room, Ramu met him and said, "Sir, pass on some lesson to me whereby I could become a learned man and speak wise things."

The mendicant smiled and said, "My boy, have you not heard the saying that a lesson heard and food cooked do not remain fresh for long? It is only through experience that one learns true lessons. And, my boy, anybody can speak wise things. But that does not mean that he is really wise."

Said Ramu, "Sir, I don't quite understand what you say."

"I will be in this area for two more days. If you stay with me for this period, maybe, you will understand," said the mendicant.

Ramu agreed. Both passed the day wandering. At night they lay behind the hut of a thief.

Soon they heard the thief's son pleading with the thief, "Father! Why don't you pass on the art of burglary to me?" Replied the thief, "My son, haven't you ever heard the saying that a lesson heard and food cooked do not remain fresh for long? One learns the art of burglary only by practising it; by applying one's wit when in danger."

"Father! Let me then accompany you in your adventure tonight," said the son. The father agreed to it.

At the mendicant's suggestion, Ramu stealthily followed the burglar and his son.

They reached the house of a wealthy man. Soon they succeeded in digging a hole through the rear wall of the house. Then the father instructed the boy to creep into the house. "There is a large wooden trunk in a corner of the room. Here is the imitation key with which you can open the lock. There are gold ornaments inside. Let me see if you can bring them."

The boy entered the house. Ramu went near a window and peeped in. The boy opened the lock and raised the heavy lid of the trunk and got into it. But while closing the lid after himself, he made a screeching sound.

Two fellows who lay asleep in that room woke up. Said one of them, "What sound is this?" "Never mind. We will see in the morning," said the second fellow who, changing his place, went to sleep on the trunk itself. The boy remained imprisoned inside the trunk!

The thief, after waiting for a while, calmly returned to his





hut. Ramu, surprised, followed him. But half an hour later the thief's son joined his father. Ramu and the mendicant heard the boy giving a report to the thief: "I made a squeaking sound inside the trunk. The fellow who slept on the trunk shouted, 'There is a mouse inside. Let us kill it.' He hopped down and opened the lid. I sprang out instantly, not forgetting these ornaments, and

made my way through the hole. The two fellows shouted and woke up others. They tried to pursue me. Behind the house there was a well. I threw a boulder into it and climbed a tree. My pursuers thought that I had jumped into the well. They threw down stones into it and beat the water with a bamboo in order to scare me out of it. When they were satisfied that I was not inside, they left the spot. Then I came home."

"You did well, my boy," commented the thief.

The mendicant turned towards Ramu and said, "Did you now understand what I told you this morning? One can hardly learn anything through an oral lesson. One learns only through experience and the application of one's intelligence while facing a problem."



"All right! All right—I know it's time for your seed!"



THE NECKLACE MULTIPLIED!

One day a jeweller from a distant land visited the court of Raja Madhav of Sundarpur. Among the ware the jeweller offered to sell was a diamond necklace of great beauty. The raja bought it paying a high price and presented it to the elder of his two ranis.

The news of the costly diamond necklace spread all over Sundarpur. As time passed, exaggerated stories about its beauty and virtues spread even to the neighbouring kingdoms.

Raja Madhav's minister, Trinath, had a daughter who was dumb. However sincerely the minister tried, he could not find a bridegroom for the girl.

While he was much worried about it, the minister of the

neighbouring kingdom met him and said, "I am willing to marry my son to your daughter, but on condition that you will secretly pass on to me the legendary diamond necklace of the elder rani."

Trinath, who had been delighted to hear the first part of the gentleman's statement was shocked when the proposal was complete.

"How on earth can I get the necklace for you? First, even if I sell all my property, I cannot collect enough money to pay the price of the necklace. Secondly, why should the rani and the raja care to part with their prized possession?" said Trinath.

"I cannot answer your ques-



tions. I have made my position clear. If you give me the necklace, your daughter's marriage becomes an accomplished fact. If not, forget all about it. I give you a month to decide," said the minister of the neighbouring kingdom and departed.

At night Trinath reported the matter to his wife and said, "I can never steal the necklace even if my daughter were to remain a spinster all her life."

Raja Madhav, wandering in disguise, overheard the talk. He entered his minister's house and greeted him.

The surprised minister asked him, "Who are you? What is

your business with me at this hour of the night?"

"To tell the truth, I am a burglar. But I feel like coming to your rescue after I have heard your problem. Well, I too am the father of a girl and I know the agony of parents when they fail to find a suitable match for their daughter. I will somehow steal the necklace and present it to you. Marry off your daughter," said the raja.

"Thanks. But I cannot do that. I cannot betray my king," answered the minister agitatedly.

"It is I who will steal, not you. So far as you are concerned, you will simply accept a gift from a well-wisher," said the raja.

The minister's wife pleaded with her husband, "Let us agree to his proposal. After the marriage is over, we will meet the king and confess to our part of the guilt. We will calmly accept whatever punishment he would award. But let our daughter be married now."

Trinath kept quiet.

The raja called an expert jeweller the next day and ordered him to make a necklace with inferior stones in imitation of the famous necklace. The jeweller, with all his materials

and equipments, went on working continuously for a few days in a secret chamber of the palace. When his work was complete, the king, putting on his disguise, carried the false necklace to his minister, Trinath.

Trinath's daughter was duly married.

A few weeks later, the elder queen showed her necklace to the raja and complained, "I am afraid, it has begun losing its lustre!"

The raja was taken aback. Did he by mistake present the real diamond necklace to Trinath instead of the false one?

The same night the raja did a daring thing. He led some of his most trusted soldiers, all disguised as bandits, to the neighbouring kingdom and raided the house of the minister whose son had married Trinath's daughter. The booty they brought included the diamond necklace.

Next day Trinath came running to the raja and stammered out, "My lord, last night my son-in-law's house was plundered by a gang of dacoits. Among the things lost is the elder rani's diamond necklace!"

"How could the rani's dia-



mond necklace go to your son-in-law's house?" asked the raja, pretending surprise.

The minister wept and narrated all that had passed on among himself, the 'burglar' and his wife. The raja asked him not to worry.

But at night when the raja examined the necklace which was in the booty, his astonishment was great. This necklace too proved to be a false one.

As soon as it was morning, the raja's guards surrounded the jeweller's house. The panicky jeweller was soon produced before the raja.

"You know well why you



are arrested. No use pretending innocence. You gave me two false necklaces and kept the original one for yourself. Tell me, what have you done with it?" thundered the raja.

"My lord! The original one is not with me. It is safe in the palace itself!" said the jeweller in tears. Then he explained what had at first appeared like a riddle to the king: While he was busy making the false necklace, the younger rani's chief maid met him secretly and gave him a lot of money. Hence he made two false necklaces instead of one and passed on the real one to the younger rani.

The raja detained the jeweller

in the chamber and rushed to the younger rani's apartment. The younger rani as though expected him. In tears, she said, "I know what is going on. Here is the true necklace. I had a great desire to possess it, for, I was jealous of the elder rani to whom it belonged. As a wise raja, you should have known that I too would naturally desire to have what you give to the other rani!"

The raja realised that the basic error was his. He restored the original necklace to the elder rani, but lost no time in buying an equally costly and beautiful necklace for the younger rani.

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Tales from the Panchatantra

A Tale of Two Friends

Once upon a time, long long ago, there was a vast forest not far from the city of Mahilarupya. It had hundreds of huge old trees which gave shelter to innumerable birds. There were murmuring brooks flowing down the hillocks and that kept the atmosphere cool.

The interior of the forest was dark and full of snakes and beasts. No human being ever dared to come there. But on the brink of the forest lived an ambitious hunter. To visit new areas of the forest in search of prey was his pleasure.

One day, while wandering with a net and a handful of rice, the hunter saw a small lake. Near the lake grew a kind of wild grass the grains of

which were dear to birds.

The hunter spread his net there and scattered the handful of rice over it. He then sat hiding beside a bush.

After an hour or so a covey of doves were seen flying over the forest, led by their king, Chitrgriva. Attracted by the lake, they began descending there.

Chitrgriva was the first to mark the scattered rice. He at once warned his followers, "Do not be lured by those rice, although they promise to be delicious."

"If you think them to be delicious, O king, why then do you forbid us to feast on them? Is it not foolish to give up food so readily available?" asked a



young dove.

"My boy!" replied Chitrigriva, "It is more foolish to gobble up any food you see anywhere. Don't you find anything unnatural in a handful of rice being scattered here? What on earth could have brought rice to this area of the forest?"

"We might die of hunger if we raise such questions every time we come across some good food," observed the young dove and he added, "There may be a hundred good reasons for the rice coming here!"

"Can you cite one of your hundred reasons?" demanded Chitrigriva, but in vain. By

then the young dove had already settled on the ground. He was instantly followed by other doves. The poor dove-king too felt obliged to sit down.

It did not take them long to realise the predicament they were in. Their legs had got firmly entangled in the net.

"This young dove is responsible for our plight," said several doves with agony.

"No use blaming him now," pointed out Chitrigriva. "Greed had consumed your sense. That is why we are in danger."

"O king! What should we do? Surely we are going to die. The pity is, a noble king like you too would die because of our foolishness!" said the doves, weeping.

"Let us not lose hope. To go on trying to find a way out of danger till the last moment is the sign of wisdom. Do as I say. As soon as I give the indication, let all of you flap your wings simultaneously and rise to the sky, with the net hanging on to our feet," said Chitrigriva.

The doves remained alert. At the indication from their king, they instantly left the ground, gradually rising high, along with the net.

The hunter, who had just left his hideout and was excited at bagging so many birds so easily, looked on with bewilderment at the strange flight. He ran keeping pace with the birds. But that was only for a furlong or two. How could he jump over the lake or find a short-cut through the thorny shrubs?

Chitragriva led his follower doves towards an adjoining forest. With the net stuck to their legs, they looked like a patch of cloud. Other birds who were flying nearby viewed them with amazement.

At Chitragriva's instruction the doves alighted near a banian tree at a corner of the next forest. Under the tree was a hole. Chitragriva shouted, "Hiranyaka! My friend! Where are you? Relaxing inside your residence or out looking for food?"

From the interior of the hole was heard an apprehensive voice, "Who is calling me?"

"I am Chitragriva, your dear friend," replied the dove-king.

Hiranyaka, the mouse, hurried out of his hole. But looking at his friend's condition, he expressed his shock.

"Well, this is the consequence of our excessive greed," said



Chitragriva and narrated the episode to his friend. Then he said, "My dear friend! You alone can, by the dint of your sharp teeth, free us from this bondage."

Hiranyaka immediately set his teeth on the rope on Chitragriva's legs. But Chitragriva stopped him, saying, "My friend! Please free my followers first. My turn should come only at the end."

Hiranyaka was obliged to do as desired by his friend. Chitragriva was the last to be set free. They chitchatted happily for a while and then the doves depar-



ted.

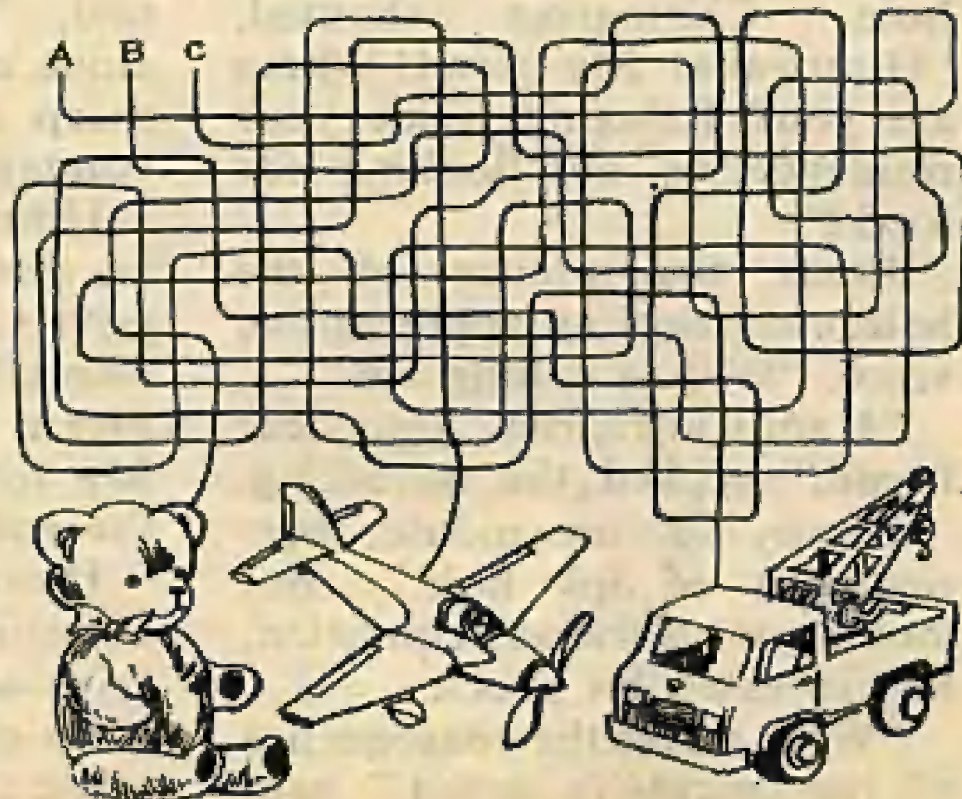
A crow who sat on a nearby tree and saw all, said, "What an excellent example of friendship! Great was the intelligence and

nobleness of Chitragriva. Great too was Hiranyaka's love and allegiance to his friend. Indeed, there is much goodness in the world."

Can you guess which of these lines is joined to which toy? After you have guessed, trace down each line to see if you were correct.

ANSWER

A to Plane; B to Lorry; C to Teddy Bear





VEER HANUMAN

Once Rama had come to know the whereabouts of Sita, he was extremely anxious to proceed to meet her. The fact that Sita was passing her days surrounded by ferocious demonesses made him restless. Again and again he asked Hanuman, "Tell me once more what you saw. Try to recollect if Sita had any other message for me."

Hanuman narrated his adventure and discovery time and again. He reported with emphasis, "Sita Devi asked me, how is it that Sri Ramachandra, who is brave and mighty, has spared these demons so long? She further wondered as to how the two brothers, Sri Ramachandra and Lakshmana, whom all the gods together could not surpass in valour, passed their

time without taking steps to rescue her. She was afraid, she might have done something sinful in her previous life and she was suffering from its consequence in this life."

Hanuman stated further, "But I told her that my visit to Lanka was the proof that Sri Ramachandra was not passing his time idly. His emissaries had spread in all directions and he was waiting to get her news. Then would begin the next phase of his action."

Delighted, Rama said, "What Hanuman has done could not have been done by anyone else. Garuda and God of Wind excepting, none could have crossed the sea. To enter the city of Lanka and to come out alive was not a simple matter



either. Moreover, Hanuman has destroyed the Asoca garden, has burnt down the city and has killed a number of demons. These are no mean achievements. My only regret is, I am not in a position to reward him suitably. Great, indeed, is my debt to him. He has virtually saved my life as well as the life of Sita. All I can do now is to embrace him with all my love."

Rama embraced Hanuman and then said again, "The question now is, how can the Vanara army cross the sea? I can see no solution to this problem." He looked pensive.

Said Sugriva:

"O Sri Ramachandra! Don't

you worry. Now that we know the whereabouts of Sita Devi, we can certainly do everything necessary to rescue her. How to reach Lanka? Well, we must construct a road across the sea! We must be ready to destroy the wicked demon, Ravana. This is not the time to worry, but to resolve to take action. Through some means or the other we must achieve our goal. Let us have unquivering faith in our own strength. Success is bound to crown our mission."

Rama looked at Hanuman and said, "Supposing that we manage to reach Lanka, what are our chances of defeating the forces of Ravana? What is the strength of his army? How many forts are there under him? How are they guarded? Tell me whatever you know of these things."

Answered Hanuman, "No doubt, Lanka is a prosperous and strong land. The demons live there happily, with horses and elephants galore. It is far from easy for any invading army to infiltrate into the city. There are four entrances into the city which are kept shut with heavy and strong doors. In front of the entrances are kept huge instruments from which boul-

ders can be shot at any distant object. The most tried ones of the demon heroes guard the gates. They are capable of handling gigantic maces. They can smash to death a hundred human beings with one swing of a mace.

"The city is circled by a well-decorated wall. The wall is ringed by a deep canal abounding in sharks. There are four collapsible bridges over the canal facing the four entrances. If the bridges are folded into the entrances, it becomes almost impossible to enter the city.

"Ravana never slackens his vigil over his city. He keeps his soldiers alert even when there is no chance of a war.

"The inner city is situated on Mount Trikut. There is no easy passage onto the mount. Nor can one go to Lanka by the help of a boat. That is why the world is hardly aware of Lanka.

"However, I have destroyed a part of Ravana's army, have killed several of their heroes, have uprooted a bridge and burnt down the city. That has reduced their strength to a certain degree.

"To conclude, we must prepare to invade Lanka without



any loss of time. A few of our heroes like Angada, Dwividha, Maind, Jambavan, Vanas, Neel, our general, should be enough to defeat the demons. We need not lead our entire army into the city. Please decide on the auspicious moment when we should start our expedition."

Thereafter Rama told Sugriva, "Let us start instantly. Sun is overhead and this is golden moment to begin a military expedition. There is no cause to delay."

Rama instructed Neel, the general of the Vanaras, to lead the army through such ways which abounded in food. But the army must be guided with



utmost caution so that the enemy could not get a chance to pounce upon them all on a sudden. Spies should always go in advance and ascertain that no danger lurked on the way. The army should not include any Vanara who was not already tried for his strength and valour.

So, the great Vanara army began advancing. The strong Gaja, the courageous Gaba and Gabaksha, remained in the forefront. The right flank of the army was guarded by Rishava. At the middle of the procession was Hanuman, carrying Rama on his shoulder. Lakshmana was carried by Angada.

The army advanced towards

the South with great enthusiasm, the Vanaras feasting over a variety of fruits on their way and shouting with joy.

At last they reached Mount Mahendra. Rama climbed to the hill-top and viewed the sea. Sugriva and Lakshmana too did the same. Then they came near the Vanara army which waited on the sea shore and Rama told Sugriva, "Let the Vanaras camp here until we have devised the way to cross the sea. The Vanaras should not wander about exposing themselves to the enemy."

Sugriva directed the Vanaras to camp on the sea in three groups.

In the meanwhile, on the other side of the sea Ravana had convened a conference of all the prominent demons. Hanuman's advent into Lanka had been a great blow to his prestige. That a Vanara could dare to enter the city where gods feared to tread and could create such a havoc, was an insultation which could not easily be forgotten.

Ravana asked his counsellors, "You know all that has happened. Now, tell me, what should we do?"

Information had already

reached Ravana that Rama, with an army of Vanaras, was advancing towards Lanka. Ravana believed that Rama would somehow cross the sea. The question was, in case of a battle between the Vanaras and the demons, what were the chances of a victory for the demons?

Some demons reminded Ravana of his past victories. There was a time when Ravana had defeated Kuvera who was the great God Shiva's friend! Even the snake-king who ruled the nether world had bowed down to Ravana. There was hardly a king on the earth who had not been submissive to Ravana. Why should then he care for the invading Vanaras?

Prahastha told Ravana, "My King! Not only men, but gods and demons, gundharvas and vampires, all have accepted your supremacy in matters of strength. What are Vanaras that we should be afraid of them? No doubt, a certain Vanara gave us much trouble. But that was because we were unprepared to face him. Let them come once more and they will realise what it means to confront the demons. If you ask me, I alone can put an end



to the entire race of the Vanaras."

Durmukh too boasted of his capacity to crush all the Vanaras singlehanded. Vajra-dramshta announced, while gyring his huge mace, that he could destroy not only the Vanaras, but also Rama, Lakshmana and Sugriva. He further suggested that let a thousand demons assume human forms and meet Rama and say that they were sent by Bharata and that even more of Bharata's soldiers were coming. Then, while Rama would be looking forward to the arrival of new batches of army, more demons, in human forms, would swoop



down upon them and kill them.

Nikumbha, the son of Kum-bhakarna, said, "None of you need worry about anything. Let me go out alone. I will return after killing Rama, Lakshmana, Sugriva and Hanu-man. That would frustrate others and they would dis-

perse."

Vajrahanu expressed his de-sire to eat up all the Vanaras. Even while he said so, his mouth watered.

Thus, all the leading demons voted for war and declared their readiness to face any challenge from any enemy.

Contd.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





CATCHING THE CRIMINAL

It had been a busy evening for King Krishna Deva Raya. It was rather late at night when he retired to his bed-chamber.

He would have jumped on to his bed straightaway but for a slow hissing sound that came from his pillow. He removed the cover of the chandelier that hung from the roof and saw a poisonous snake resting on his bed, with its hood raised, as if ready to strike!

The king instantly unsheathed his sword and killed the snake.

Then he summoned his minister, Thimmarasu, and narrated to him the unusual event.

"I am afraid, somebody left the snake on my bed clearly with the motive of killing me," observed the king.

"I've not the slightest doubt about it, my lord," replied the pensive minister.

"How to bring the culprit to book?" asked the king.

"We have to move with utmost caution. But I hope, we will succeed," replied the minister.

The night passed with some tension. Next day the king was about to take his breakfast when the minister came rushing there, shouting, "Wait a minute, my lord. Do not put the food into your mouth."

He then called a cat and threw at it a little of the king's food. The cat stomached it eagerly, but showed signs of sickness in the next moment.

The king and the servants

who were nearby were horrified. The cook was summoned. The minister asked the guards to keep him under lock for the time being.

When the royal court assembled, the minister had the cook brought there and thundered at him, "You tried to kill the king last night by placing a poisonous snake on his bed. This morning you pursued your treacherous goal by putting poison in his breakfast. You should be put to death immediately. But confess the truth, who instigated you to commit these crimes?"

"Sir, a gentleman paid me a lakh of gold mohurs and asked me to poison the king's breakfast. He has already left the kingdom. I know nothing about the snake," said the cook, weeping.

"You are a liar. None but you put the snake in the king's bed-chamber. You are to be put to death," shouted the minister and he asked the guards to take the cook away.

The king's officers searched the cook's house and recovered the gold mohurs. It was a great sensation.

But next morning the minister appeared before the king with another palace servant as prisoner.

"Here is the true criminal, my lord, the brute who had placed the snake on your bed," announced the minister. Behind him stood the cook, smiling.

The minister then explained, "My lord, From the beginning I had suspected the ambassador of the ruler of Bijapur, our enemy, as having done the mis-



chief. I enacted the breakfast episode with the cook's help just to give publicity to the story that the cook had been paid a lakh of gold mohurs for trying to kill you. I was sure the Bijapur ambassador would not have given so much money to the fellow who left the snake. As I anticipated, this palace servant visited the ambassador

at night to demand what he thought was his rightful due! Our spies were waiting. He was captured. He has confessed to his crime."

The king was amazed at the minister's wit. The cook was rewarded. The Bijapur ambassador was sent away with a stern note for his master.

TAKING A CHANCE!

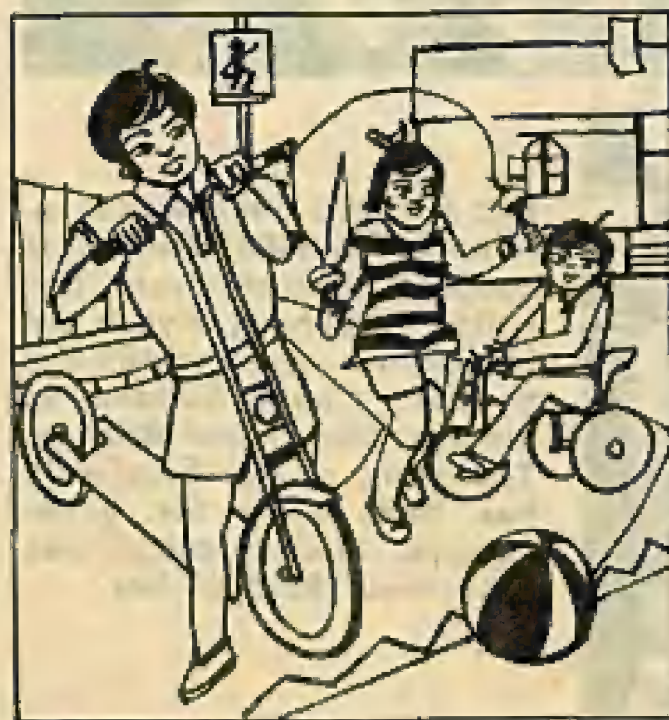
A villager was going to the town riding a donkey. Midway he saw a man riding a horse coming from the opposite direction.

The villager stopped the man on the horse and asked, "You will perhaps like to change your animal for mine, won't you?"

The man on the horse looked puzzled for a moment and then blurted out, "Are you a fool?"

"No, not I," replied the villager, "But I thought you might be one. Just took a chance. Good-bye, brother."

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

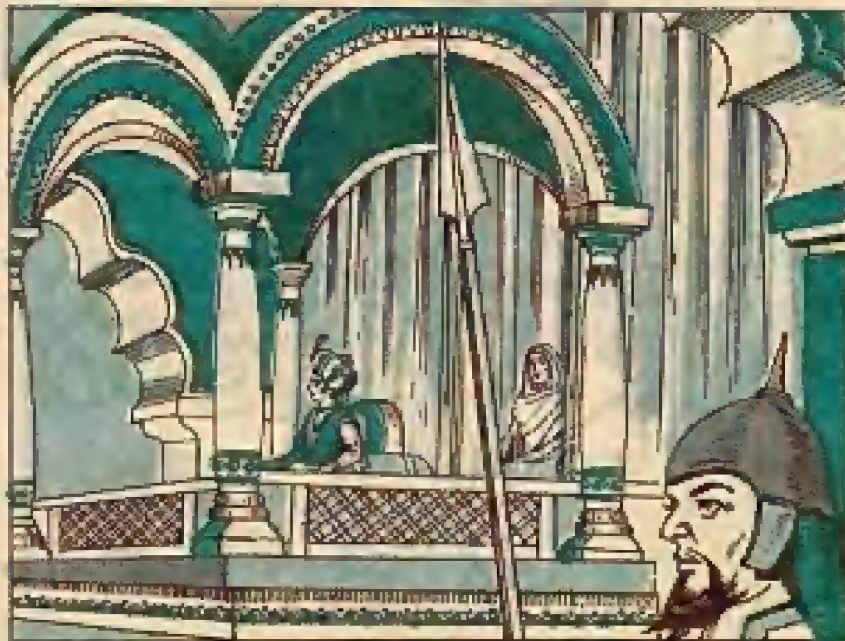
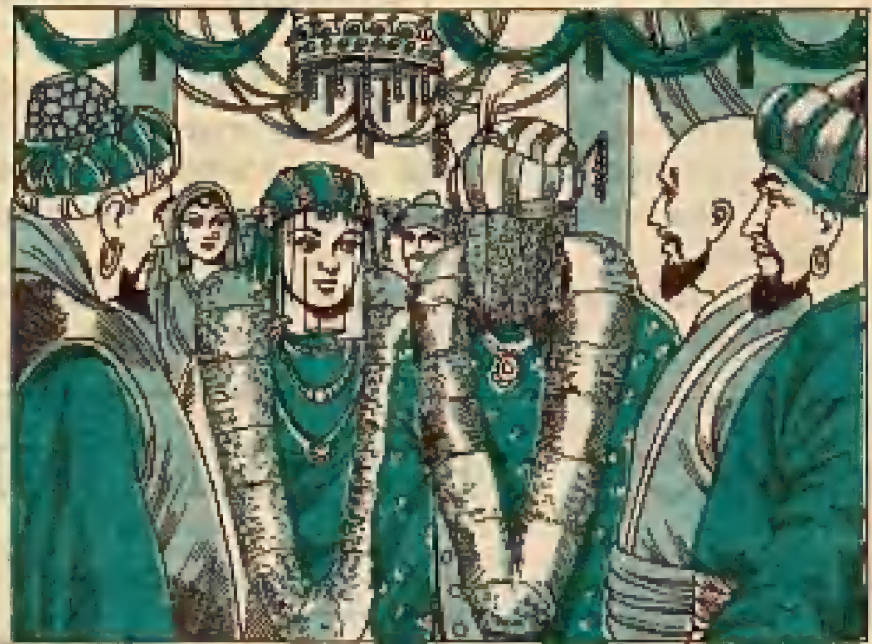




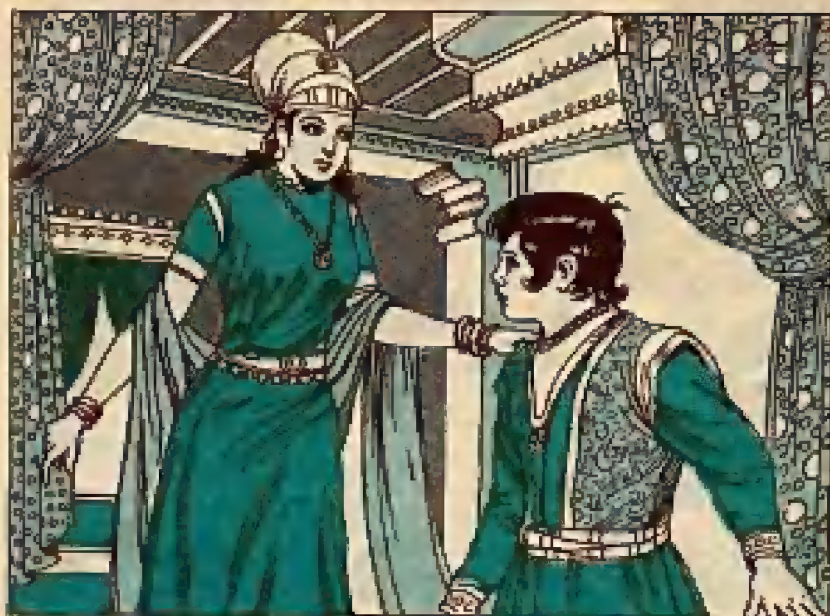
CHAND SULTANA

No wonder that the princess of Ahmednagar should be named Chand (Moon) since she was indeed as charming as the moon. Although her world was limited to the inner apartments of the palace, her courage and wisdom impressed all who knew her.

The rulers of Bijapur and Ahmednagar had become enemies, because both claimed their right to the city of Sholapur. At last, as a happy compromise, Chand was given in marriage to Sultan Ali Adil Shah of Bijapur along with Sholapur as the dowry.



But Ali Adil Shah was assassinated in 1580. The royal couple had no children. The sultan's nephew, 9-year old Ibrahim, ascended the throne. Chand Sultana, as his guardian, ruled Bijapur. The glory of her brief rule has been sung for generations. The boy sultan was extremely fond of her.



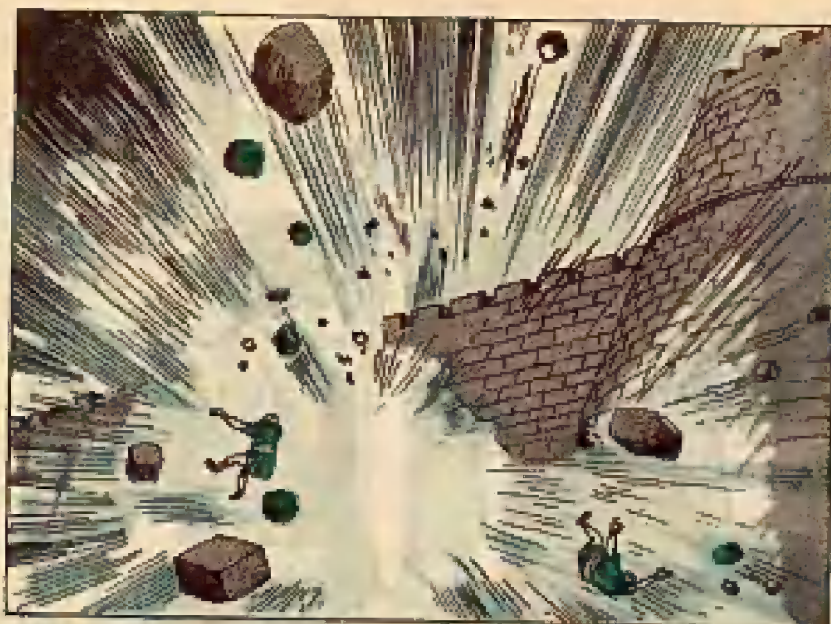
But officers and noblemen who had hoped to plunder the treasury and exploit the people became her enemies. They even conspired to kill the boy sultan, along with her. Chand Sultana left for Ahmednagar to save the innocent boy.

Chand's brother, Murtaza, was the ruler of Ahmednagar. He was crazy and was murdered by his son Husain. The cruel Husain was deposed by the nobility and later killed. His cousin became the ruler. Chand Sultana was sad at the happenings, but what could she have done?



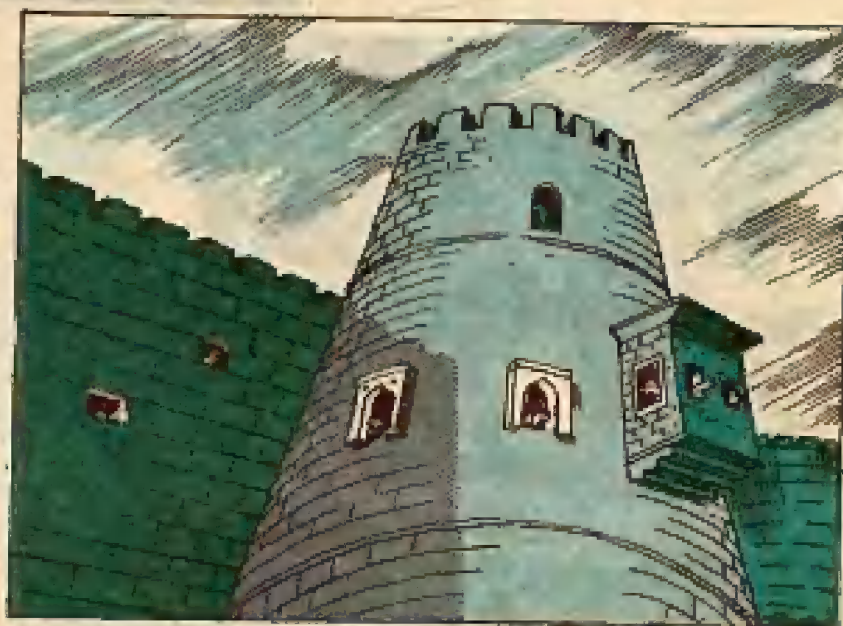
Akbar the great Mughal was then the emperor of Delhi. Desiring to take advantage of the chaos at Ahmednagar, he sent a large army to conquer it. A fierce battle was fought. Seeing that Ahmednagar had no able general, Chand Sultana came forward to lead the army.

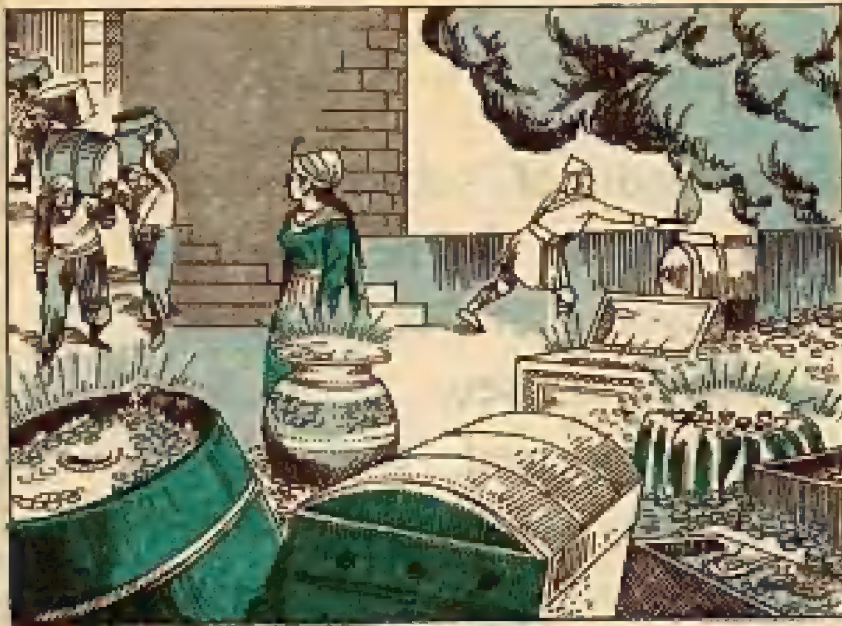
Chand Sultana, in the guise of a general, had to look into the preparations in the palace and had to lead the soldiers in the battle fields. The Mughal army concentrated on smashing the palace wall. By the time they destroyed a great part of the wall, it was evening.



The Mughal army did not dare to cross the wall at night due to fear of being entrapped. Chand Sultana gathered all her men and, even women, and worked untiringly at restoring the wall. They worked on throughout the night.

By the morning Chand Sultana had not only succeeded in raising anew the broken wall, but also she had fixed cannons on the wall to charge at the invaders.

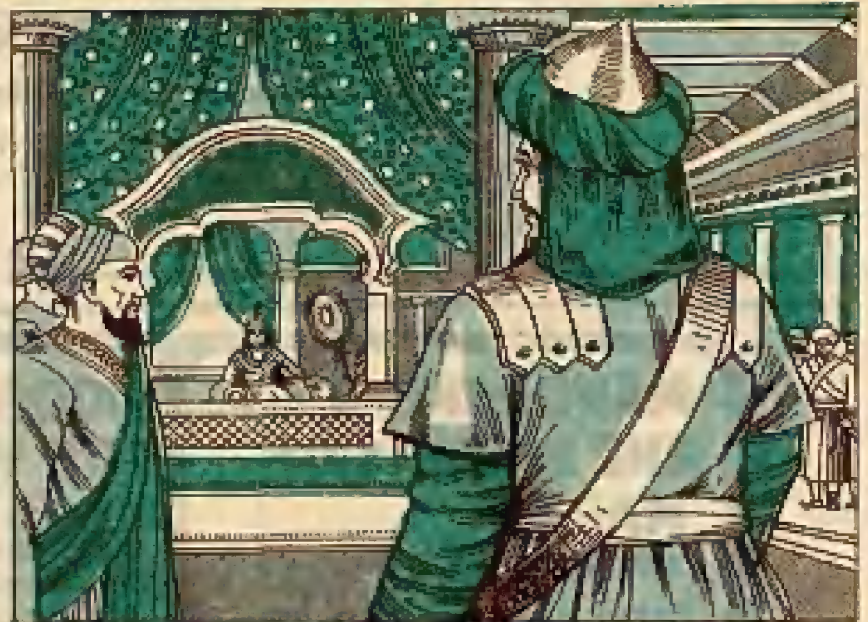




The Mughal soldiers were puzzled to see their previous day's achievement foiled. However, they attacked again.

After a while Chand Sultana was told that her stock of ammunition was over. She ordered all the metal coins, silver, gold and jewellery available in the palace to be used as ammunition.

The Mughal were frustrated. They were obliged to make a compromise with Chand Sultana. The people of Ahmednagar hailed her as their saviour.



The Mughals realised that Ahmednagar cannot be conquered as long as Chand Sultana lived. Later, on the eve of their second attack on Ahmednagar, the valiant Sultana was murdered treacherously. But she had already secured her place in history as one of the great women of all times.

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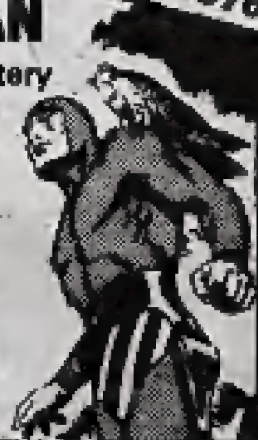
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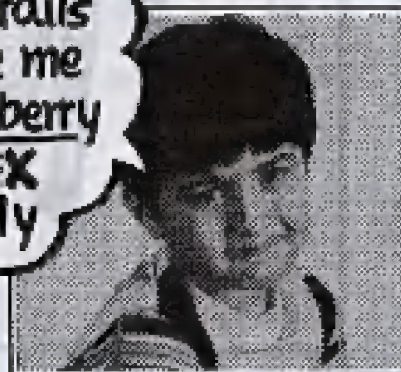
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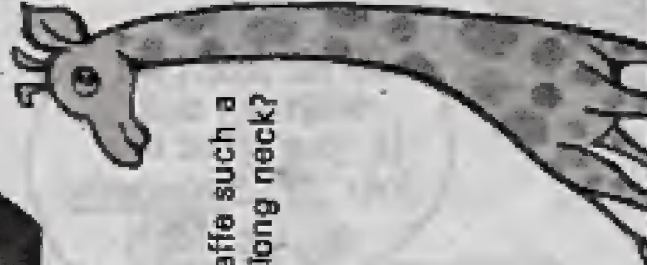
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3. Why has the Giraffe such a
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1. Because he never shows a white feather.
2. Because he goes around the Globe many times.

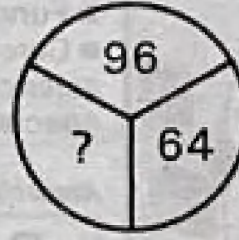
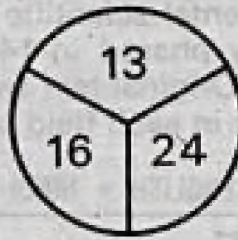
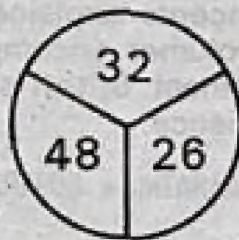
3. Because his neck is so far from his body.
4. Because he can't go under it.

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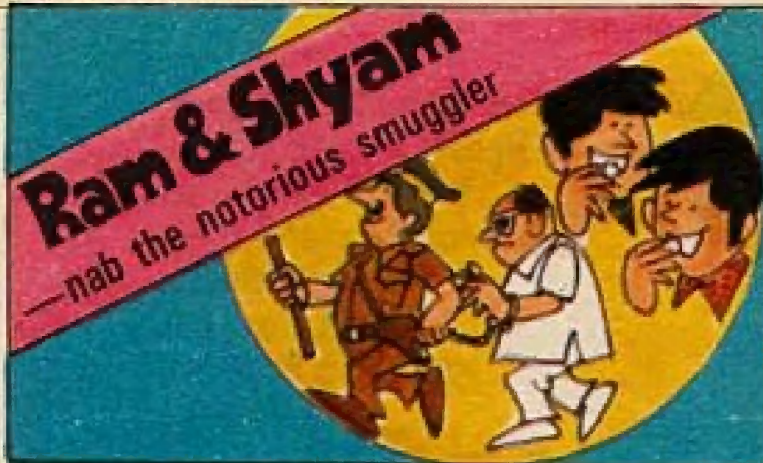


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"Hurry Inspector, rush this way. Let's nab those smugglers without delay"



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